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H O G.

COMPOSED

BY A FATHER,

Adams 18122

FOR HIS SON.

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AN ORATION,*

WRITTEN FOR MASTER T. J. L.

Respected Preceptor, and beloved Classmates:

TIRED with having recourse to our school books for studied pieces of elocution, for declamatory exercises, which, though admired for their various beauties, have become in a manner uninteresting from continual repetition, I have ventured, like a nestling from the branch, to take a flight of my own, with a view to try my powers. Should I, in this attempt, call forth your risible faculties, by blending together, in the repast I am about to offer you, the *Hog* and the *Fine Arts Gastronomy and Beauty*, the *Holy Alliance* and *Stump Orators*, which I propose to serve up, after the German manner, garnished with American brains, and a few French nick-knacks, I must assure you that mirth is not my sole object: A moral, as you will find by listening to me with indulgence, may be drawn from a *Pig*, as well as from the democratic Ant, or monarchical Bee.

The **HOG** is the king of all unclean animals; his empire is the most universal, and his qualities the most unequivocal of any other. He is the sovereign of the cook-shop; without him we should have no *lard*, no forced meat balls, nor fixed ammunition for the frying pay; no roast pigs—in short, no kitchen.

Your Willich's Volneys, Buchans, and Mea-

* Lest the author should be considered as a finished *Gastronome*, it is but in justice to himself, as well as to the inimitable author of the *Almanac des Gourmands*, to state, that he is indebted to that amusing work for many of the culinary and other articles to be found in this Eulogy.

ses, cry in vain that his flesh is heavy and laxative. Our Mitchills and Physicks, Huntts and Worthingtons, may tell us, if they please, that it is indigestible and scorbutic; we know they would be very sorry were we to believe them; for, on the score of *bilious fevers* and *dyspepsies*, the hog is the best feather in their caps. The Jews, though they regard him with horror, as do some Christians, (many of whom are perfect Jews, while many Jews excel the Christians in the practice of every virtue,) yet neither will hesitate to eat good blood puddings, when they can get them.

If you want to learn the value of the Hog, consult the French cook, who knows how to dress eggs in *six hundred and eighty-five different ways*, and he will tell you that the *artist* alone is at the head of the culinary profession who has triumphed over every obstacle, by varying his *compositions* in such a manner as to give the flesh of the Hog the most learned, exquisite, and multiplied forms.

“To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach, and to sink the heart;
To make mankind to social virtue sour,
Cram o’er each dish, and be what they devour.
For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,
Commanding sweat to stream from every cook;
Children no more their antic gambols tried,
And friends to physic wonder’d how they died.”

Thus sang our inimitable Hasty-pudding bard; and yet had we asked him to name his favorite dish, he would have answered, *pork and beans*, with the same simplicity as he informed us that all his bones were made of Indian corn. Put the same question to a member from the “Ancient Dominion,” and he will tell you *Hog* and *Homony*; to one from Maryland, and he will an-

swer, the wing of a *Mud Lark*;† to the chairman of a committee who maintains that there is no report like the report of a cork, “no digest of laws like the laws of digestion,” and he will reply *Ham* and *Chickens*. Even the Judge who lost his hat the other day in a rencountre with a drove of these sturdy grunTERS moving heedlessly down the Pennsylvania avenue to the pot, the stew-pan, smoke house, harness-tub, and spit, will say, *Bacon* and *Eggs*.

Nature has so arranged it, that every part of the Hog is good—there is nothing in him to reject. The *fine arts* have disputed with the kitchen the honor of stripping him, and while many a “knight of the dishclout” owes his fortune to the Hog, his bristles have been the instrument of the glory of a West and a Trumbull, and have added to the fame of many an epic poet, in a choice metaphor.

“Thy hair so *bristles* with unmanly fears
As fields of corn that rise in bearded ears.”

The gouty nabob’s limbs, the dapper dandy’s head, the house-maid, valet, chimney sweeper, and shoe-black, are all indebted to him; while the divine mouth of Miss —, whose pouting lips, “resembling blushing berries cast on snow,” “I never kissed, *perhaps* never shall,” owes half its sweetness to the Hog.‡

When treating of this valuable animal, we are at a loss to know how to get into the subject, or at which end to take him. If we begin at the most noble part, we shall discover that without much labour, it is transformed for the tables of princes, so as to resemble (which we hold contrary to the arts of civilization) the head of a wild Boar. His cutlets, whether broiled simple, in

†Mud Lark—The Marylanders’ term for Hog. Thus, the Wing of a Mud Lark, in the slang of the country, is a Ham.

‡By the Tooth Brush.

papillote, or served in *ragout*, are gratifying to our sensuality. His thighs and shoulders have contributed to the riches and reputation of Virginia, Westphalia, and Bayonne. His ears and tongue are tidbits when operated upon by an expert cook; and his *uprights*, when dressed after the consummate manner of *Saint Minue*, are preferred by all the members of the Holy Alliance to that plain, though famous American dish, the *Rights of Man*, the stamina of all good constitutions, which the sovereign people will finally have to cram down their legitimate throats with less ceremony than we stuff young turkeys, before they know what is good for themselves and those who *nourish* and *support* them.

The Hog's haslet, intestines, web, and scrapings, form the essentials and tubes of all our suasages. Even his blood has the advantage over that of all other animals, of being turned divers ways to the cravings of our appetites. His meat hashed fine, in addition to the various metamorphoses it is subjected to, is the principal ingredient of that exquisite stuffing which accommodates itself so marvellously to the cavities, of what to that boasting feeder John Bull is *rara avis*—a *Roasted Turkey*. His breast and middlings, when consigned to the pickle, are alike estimable, whether garnished with greens or engulphed in a New-England chowder; while if hashed in small cubes, and studded like pearls over the liver of a calf, the crested *fricandeau* rises to our view, to reign the queen of all the senses, and again, when cut in transparent slices to decorate the breasts of partridges, woodcocks, snipes, quails, ortolans, reed birds, and such like superlatives of the table, they supersede the necessity of larding or basting in the usual way—giving

a flavor to these roasted delights which the delicate palates of such renowned epicures as your Tom Brattles of America, D'Aigrefeuilles of France, and Quins of England, find incomparable. Shall we mention Brawn, his spare-rib, Chine, the rasher of bacon or pork, sprinkled with vinegar, and sweetened with all the boatmen's delight, and his *head*, called, when deprived of all its bones, *a cheese*? The very gastric juice of a true *Gastronome*, on his beholding it rises to the mouth, impatient to envelope it.

Then comes his skin to form the *Borachos*, in which the Spanish and Portuguese vintagers transport their generous wine, called by an old *Chanoine* the *milk* of the aged, the *balsam* of the adult, and the *vehicle* of the epicure. Then again it is destined for the *creble* and the *seive*, and finally, to prove its superior excellence, on the saddle of the horseman. In this shape how many stump orators it takes astride, and bears along through bog and briar, in Indian track, and over turnpike, vexing, by its durability and pliability, the coarser texture of its rough neighbors, until by "stooping down, as he must needs who cannot sit upright," these idols of the people arrive, at the capitol to repose their noble suffering parts on the crimson seat of honor.

In short from the St. Croix to the Mississippi; from the Blue Ridge to the Rocky Mountains, what would man be without his Hog? His virtues and his worth are known to all, from the Mayor of New-York, for whom he has long officiated as scavenger general, to that hardy ocean-troubler, the Marblehead fisherman, of whose Cod he is the aid-de-camp; and, though all are indebted to him for so many enjoyments, yet they never mention him but in the language

of abuse, and never cease to load his name with the most opprobrious terms.

Not so the ancients. They honored him by sacrificing him to Ceres, the goddess of abundance, for having *taught man how to plough the earth*. The Egyptians sacrificed him to the full moon and to Bacchus. They regarded him, too, as the symbol of intrepidity, and when in his fury ravaging vineyards and harvests, as a superb and cruel conqueror, though they at the same time held his flesh in aversion as unclean. The death of the wild boar of the mountain of Erymanthe, was one of the *twelve labors of Hercules*, in whose time the Hog was immolated on wedding days, as an emblem of fecundity. He was also sacrificed to Diana, and in the Island of Crete he was considered as a sacred animal. In short he has been sung over by high priests, immortalized by Poets, and his virtues have been recorded by sage historians.

What school-boy does not recollect the inspired seer, who read the oracles of destiny to Æneas, foretelling the hero that his wanderings would not cease until he should espy the predestined, infallible signals of civilization and future grandeur, a white sow recumbent with her litter of pigs, emblem of a multiplying people, the sources of wealth and power.

“Cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam

“Litoreis ingens inventa sub elicibus sus,

“Triginta caput fœtus enixa jacebit,

“Alba, solo recubans, albi circum uera nati;

“*Is locus urbis erit; regnies, ea certa laborum.*”

“When in the shady shelter of a wood,

“And near the margin of a gentle flood,

“Thou shall behold a sow upon the ground,

“With *thirty* suckling young encompassed round;

“The dam and offspring white as fallen snow,

“These on thy city shall their name bestow,

“And **THERE** shall end thy labors and thy woe.”

In Rome the Hog was held in the highest estimation, and there the most particular attention was paid to the *art* of feeding, cleaning and fattening him—an *art*, which the Latin authors on rural economy call *Porculantio*. Under the emperors, the vulgar luxury of *Gluttony*, (for a fine polished *Gastronome* was not known in those days,) was carried to great excess, even to a cruelty too disgusting to mention. Among the opulent *ferocious* Romans, (as Lady Morgan very properly styles them,) they had two celebrated ways of preparing and cooking a hog—one consisted in serving him up, large as life, with one side broiled and the other roasted. The other was called the *Trojan* manner, in allusion to the famous horse of *Troy*, stuffed with combatants. It consisted of taking out all the insides of the hog, and then forcing him, with every species of game and other victims, filling the crevices with oysters, the whole moistened with costly wines and rich juices. This preparation of the Trojan Hog led to such extravagancies that it became the object of a sumptuary law.

We have heard some gentlemen, from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, boast of their roasted Hogs, after the West India manner, but we suspect they never heard of such *barbecues* as these, which appear to us to be as extraordinary as the infernal Venison—a roasted tiger stuffed with tenpenny nails which a *terrific* itinerant preacher once told his hearers his Satanic Majesty served up to all sinners.

It appears from various historians, that, among the less ancient people of Europe, pork was held in such high repute as to form, (as in our

new settlements,) not only their common food, but also the principal article of their best repasts. The Salique law treats more of the Hog than of any other domestic animal. One of its chapters is confined altogether to the punishment of hog-stealing—*de furtis porcorum*. Formerly the greatest revenues of the *Mother* church consisted in her hog-tithes. In those days the corpulent priests of France, who “larded the lean earth as they walked along,” and whose Tutelar *Saint** has ever since been represented by artists with a Hog at his feet, were so fond of Pork, that the dishes destined to bear it to the table were called *Bacconiques*, from the old word *Baccon* or *Bacon*, which signified a fatted pork or hog. It was then these *bon vivans* daily invoked their guardian,

“That their life, like the leap of their patron might be,
† *Du lit a la table, de la table au lit.*”

After all that has been said of the utility of the Hog, in olden and modern times, we cannot but think that to him, instead of the lion, belongs the title of the king of animals; in point of instinct, (by which he selects 72 species of vegetables and rejects 171,) sagacity and docility, when tutored, he is but little, if anywise, inferior to the dog, beaver, and half reasoning elephant. Who has not heard of the learned Pig spelling words, pointing out names, and designating cards? In the towns of Europe, when the swineherd sounds his horn, every Hog leaves his sty to follow him to the forest or fields. If a storm is approaching or a change of wind or weather is about to take place, the Hog is the first with the *Barometer-nose*, true as *Torricelli's* best instrument,

* St. Anthony.

† From the bed to the table, from the table to the bed.

to make the discovery and to warn his keeper by his cries and movements. With a knowledge of this fact, the conjurers tell us, "he is the only animal who sees the wind," by which means he is enabled, on the principle of *carpe diem*, to avoid foul weather, and enjoy the fine. He is also endowed with *sensibility* as well as instinct, and has one quality which distinguishes him from all others of the brute creation—that of running to the aid of all his brother hogs in distress and difficulty, braving the greatest dangers and the rudest treatment for the love of *kin*.

In all countries, except Scotland, the Hog, out of gratitude for the eminent services his family has never ceased to render to man, *from the most remote antiquity*, is permitted to live in a state, of what many *erect* hogs we know of would call luxury and ease. But whoever has visited that sage computer, the ever-saving Sawney, in his Murryshire, must have frequently seen the Hog tackled with a small horse to the same plough. How different from the Mexicans, who, in driving their Hogs to market, cover their feet and lower joints with a sort of boots, to prevent the ill effects of fatigue, while the *peasant* who conducts them goes *barefooted* !

Had it not been for some Egyptian Goddesses, who fell in love with a bull, and the *clan* of that wise legislator Moses, whose cutaneous sympathies pork was supposed to increase, (and therefore the patriot Hog was by both proscribed,) we moderns should entertain a much higher respect for him than we do; for it must be acknowledged, taking him altogether, *soul* and body, (*honi soit qui mal y pense*) inside and out, that he is very superior to most animals, and

the devoted friend of man, to whom he never fails to show his gratitude, by repaying him in an hundred fold for all his favors.

As to his habits, they are to be sure, for the want of care and education, rather grovelling and nasty; but this, as in some biped cousin-germans of his, ought rather to be termed a genteel slovenliness, indicative of *great natural gifts, and a contempt for artificial helps*. Tho' we admit he is an excessive gormandiser, inso-much as he is not very choice of his viands or liquids, yet he has no hankering after whiskey, egg-nog, or juleps, which, with segars, tobacco, and snuff, he leaves to certain *Cossack* relatives of his, who, while ycleped lords of the creation, would do well to recollect, that

“The Hog who works not, nor obeys their call,
“Lives on the labours of these Lords of all.

Much has been said in praise of the Hog, yet many a swinish excellence must be passed over in silence, and left, like virtue, to its own reward. The last advice of the dying, like the parting kiss of the lover, is the most impressive: so is the peroration of a discourse, the finish of an epigram, and last stanza of a poem, as well as the last hint of a moral, from Esop to Franklin. So, precisely so, appears the last and most prominent character of our bristly personage; a character of inestimable value in this great republic, the *Pharos* among nations.

When nature created and endowed the Hog with qualities surprising and rare, she seems to have presented him to the statesman, lawyer, judge, physician, and divine—to *all* the human race—as the perpetual model of that stubborn,

rude, uncourtly integrity, commonly understood by the name of *Independence*; and yet, strange inconsistency! this representative of honest obesity has given rise to the calumnious metaphor of bribery, implied by *greasing a man's palm!* as if the fat of a Hog was synonymous with gold. Our very aspersions are oftentimes charged with precious confessions deterrent of the reputation they were intended to tarnish. Senators have been known to take bribes; Jugurtha bought the Roman, and Walpole the British Senate; *and who has not heard of the Yazoo purchase?* Courtiers and sycophants too will flatter; but neither adulation nor money can tempt to deviate from the invariable laws of his nature, the "even tenor of his ways," this valuable quadruped, who, though like a candidate for public office, he will go through *thick and thin* to reach his object, will never *be led or driven* like a time-serving radical. The downy bed has no enchantments for him. With the *Doric* simplicity of a backwoodsman, he lays himself down in the humblest hovel or under "the blue spangled arch of Heaven," and snores away the night with a full stomach and a *clear conscience*.

"Go! from the creatures thy instruction take."

When the Roman historian captivates us most, he recalls that simple age of purity in which *Cincinnatus* cultivated his own ground, or Scipio roasted turnips and broiled his own pork on his Sabine farm; not that vile Epicurean epoch when Emperors and courtezans melted pearls for a soup, gave thousands for a turbot, and millions for a debauch. The incorruptible Hog, with Roman simplicity *ploughs his own fields* and

caters for himself. Truffles and mushrooms are his choicest dainties; for *his* heaven, like that of the Gods; who, in the reign of Saturn, fought and ate with men, and held sweet converse with the women, is upon the earth. There he grunts and grumbles for his competency, which, like the fund of South American riches, is concealed partly under ground, as if the deity had foreseen that tyranny would enslave, or cowardice surrender every thing above its surface. But all the devices of despotism and its inquisition will not coerce him, like the Indian of the Mita, to dig dross for a master.

The Deity, who created the Eagle for an aerial flight, and fitted him to soar to the sun, manifested his various powers in adapting the bristled Hog to an opposite independence, half hidden beneath the earth, only to teach us *that liberty subsists in extremes alone: It is perfect, or it is nothing: Compromise or medium is its abhorrence and its bane.* When American soldiers and tars shall be deaf to this truth, then will our legions cower on the field, and our striped bunting be struck to some unborn mistress of the main, as a punishment for our degeneracy. Then our Hogs will be slain to satisfy voracious nobles, feed church-men, and pay grim soldiers, who, in preying upon vitals, will enslave the mind and subdue the body. Then, instead of a patriot, statesman, and philosopher, for our President, we shall have a stupid Gorgeous King, who, though called *Defender of the Faith, Apostolic, Catholic or Most Christian*, may combine, in his legitimate habits, ravenous desires and tyrannical propensities, the qualities of the *Tyger* and the *Hog*. But this degenerate state of things can never be experienced by a

discerning people, who know how to value and perserve their institutions; and while the *Palladium* of their liberties remains in the temple.

All hail ! ye ancient celebrated *race* ! Since your tusky sires, tore in pieces the devoted and delicate Adonis, Kings have hunted ye, and Priests have proscribed ye, as dangerous and unholy; while pensioned orators and slaves of despotic governments have attempted to ridicule a free, democratic people, by styling them the *Swinish Multitude*, alike invincible by military power, as the power of superstition.





